



by R. W. Bartlett II

We wandered down to Hendrie Hall Friday night, to investigate WYBC's new policy of obtaining females from various women's colleges to desecrate the Yale air-waves every Friday evening.

We left our room around 11:15, after the roommate had hurled an economics (advanced) textbook at the radio. A young lady was inquiring "Are you lonely?" and this evidently annoyed at least one listener. However, we decided that we were lonely as all get-out, so Hendrie Hall became our destination.

A WYBC executive of our acquaintance had barricaded himself inside one of the offices, along with the liquor supply. This gentleman, evidently well versed in military tactics, realized the only way to overcome the obvious injustice of the male-female ratio, and cornered the supply lines. His tactic was remarkably successful: bright young things from Wellesley would appear in the room at intervals, charm a drink out of the executive, then disappear into a mass of admiring WYBC staffers.

The conversation turned, oddly enough, to the heeling question. Having seen the light and voted for a modification in the present set-up at a recent PU meeting, we were naturally brought under fire by WYBC conservatives. We asserted that heeling should not be an endurance test. A WYBC member pointed out that heeling wasn't *that* hard, and besides...

Another young lady broadcaster from Wellesley appeared. He gave her a drink. The WYBC man attempted to snow her. She left. He resumed his explanation of heeling at WYBC. Then the chairman of WYBC unlocked the door and walked in...

Jeers, boos, catcalls. He had taken some beer. He replaced the beer, received more calumny, then disappeared, trailed by a Wellesley girl. More mutterings on the part of his subordinates.

Someone turned the radio up in the room. A new female voice announced that she "wanted to be alone with just you, darling." The radio was turned down abruptly, and then a WYBC member began to explain why television was such a good thing for Yale. We pointed out that the audience had dwindled to perhaps 40 persons on Tuesday nights.

"Yes, yes, but it's *new*. We can use the Dramat people, these "Best Lectures," develop television writing possibilities..." An argument ensued over a bottle of vodka.

Slipping away from our zealous WYBC man, we wandered past a group of 11 persons, surrounding a lone Wellesley girl, all lustily singing "Five Feet Two." We entered the control room.

The engineer was frantically signalling for the proper records. No one knew where the theme he wanted was filed. Inside the broadcasting booth, another Wellesleyite giggled. Three WYBC members sat in the room with her—one of them was asleep.

A heeler appeared. He didn't have the right record. The engineer cursed, then demanded a substitute. We left the control room.

The group of singers had dwindled to five, and the only young lady available was not with them. She was in the next room, with three WYBC members talking to her at once. She evidently felt they were fine lads, because she was smiling. We went back to the room, no longer feeling lonely.

The roommate still had the radio on. He merely winced when a low, female voice said, "Oh, darling, let's put on 'Dancing in The Dark' and dance here." After that she played "Make Love to Me." The roommate swore bitterly, turned off the radio, and put Beethoven's Fifth symphony on the phonograph.

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